

London Printed for I. Walsh Serve to Her Mais at the Harp and Hoboy in Katherine Street near Somerset House in Strand

MAY 23 1918 LIBRARY
Saylor fund

## To Anthony Henly Esq! of the Grange in Hant Shire

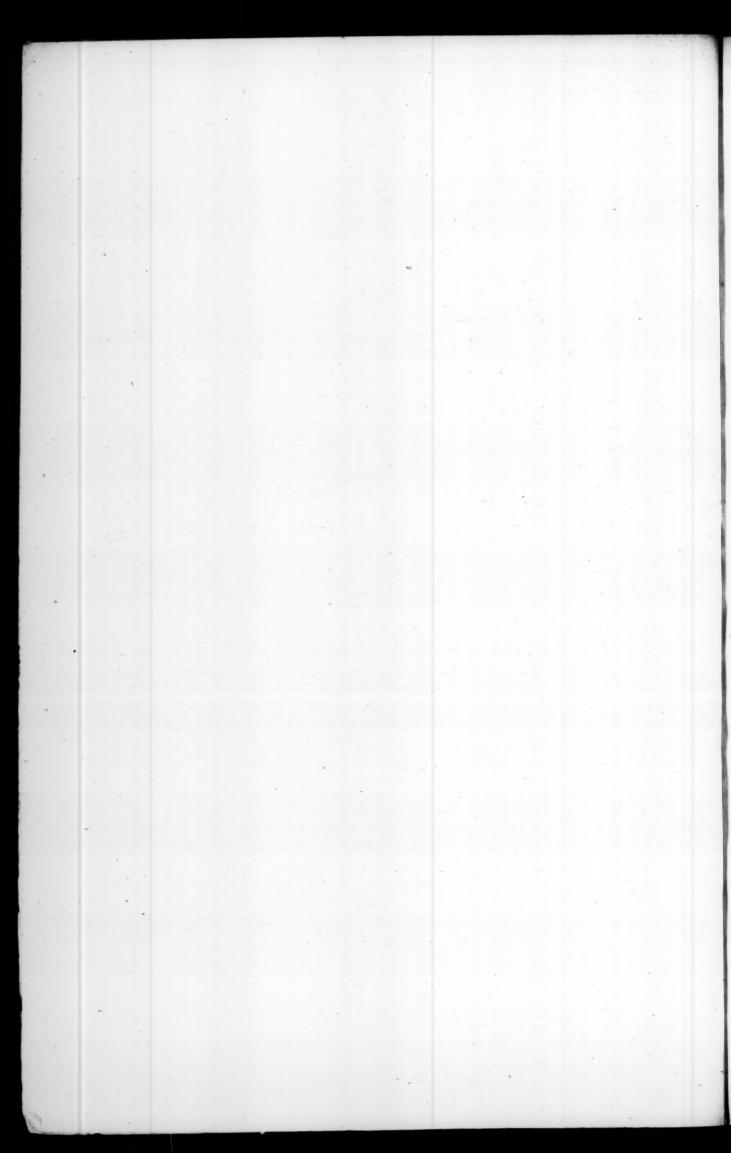
In The favourable opinion you have had of this piece of Musick has so far Strengthen'd the approbation it met with from Gentlemen of no lefs Candow; than knowledge in this science, that thereby I have gathered assurance Enough to lay it at your feet in this publick manner, as some attonement for those other lefs perfect Essays of this, Nature, That I have presum'd to adrefs to so generous a Lover of this art, so Esteem'd by the Antients that they thought their Heroes and Poetts unaccomplish'd without a Perfection in it, which in this age is so far sunk that the nearer aman approaches to the mastery, the farther he is generaly from meeting with a due Encouragement.

The makeing the Notes and Air's expressive of the Numbers and meaning of the Nords, the pathetique or Comanding Force that Stirs the Passions, which many Censurers regard no more, than some Masters in their Composures, There is a sort of Painting in musick, as well as Poetry, which if a master misses he may be fortunate with the unknowing, but never with such Judges as you of whose Skill is too great to be imposed on by false Charms, or glaring defects or to neglect, or over look any reall Beauty and perfection.

This Strought to awe me from Thrusting my Self on a Second Tryal before a Judge so knowing, that he can want no true Information of the Cause, and so Candid and impartial, that he will not let his favour by afs his Judgment, but from you St, being sure of an animadversion on my real, not imaginary Errors, I hope so farr to improve by it, as to be able hereafter to present the World with something more worthy your Patronage, and the desire St.

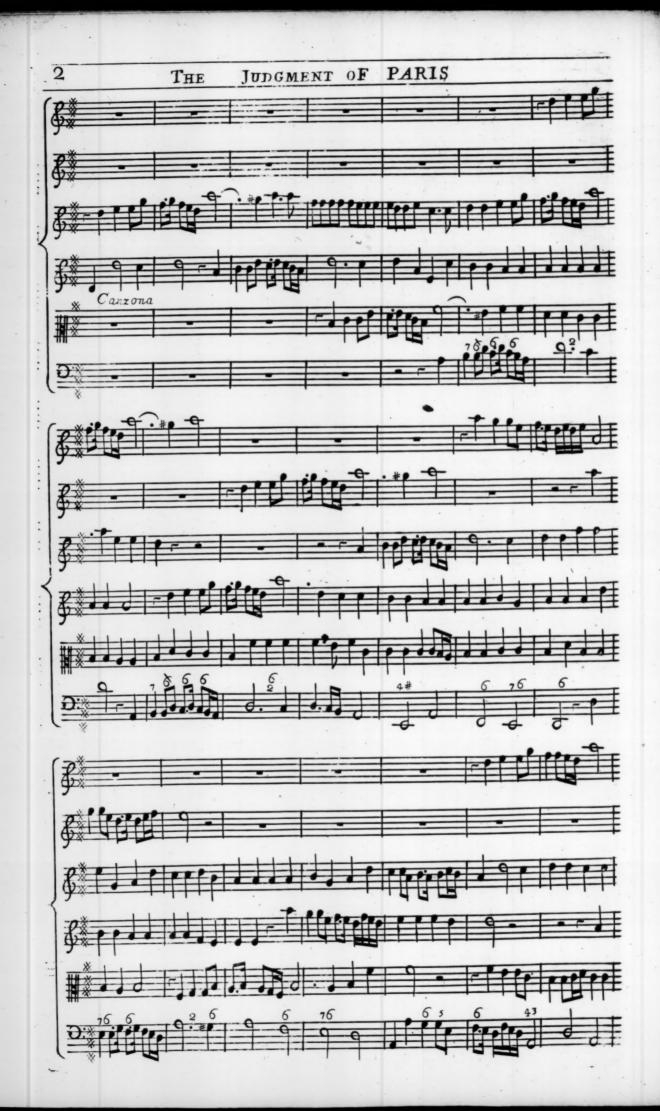
Of your most humble Serv?

Daniel Purcell

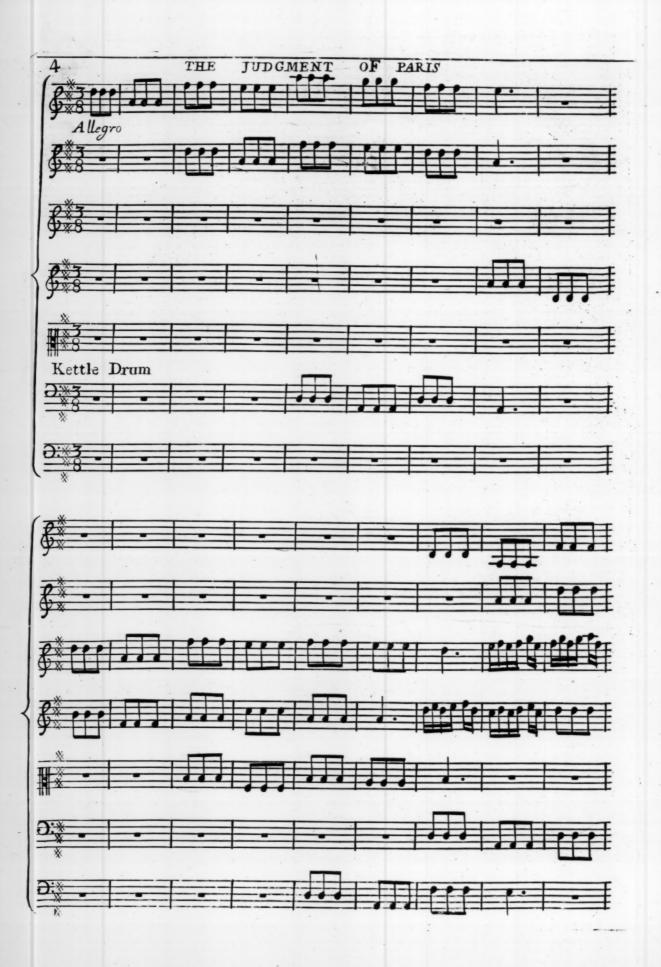


## SYMPHONY

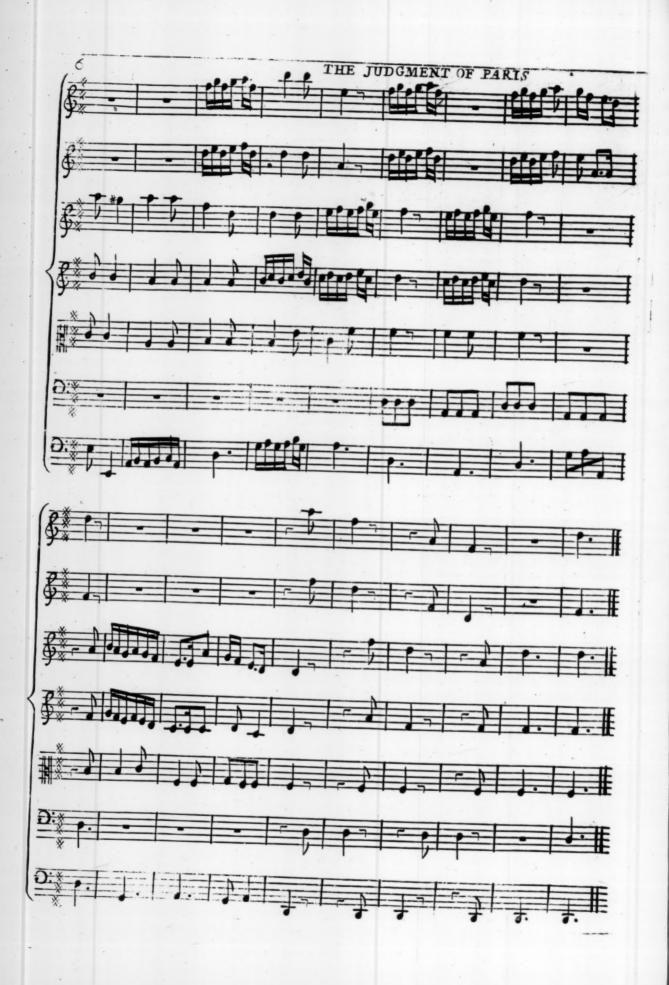








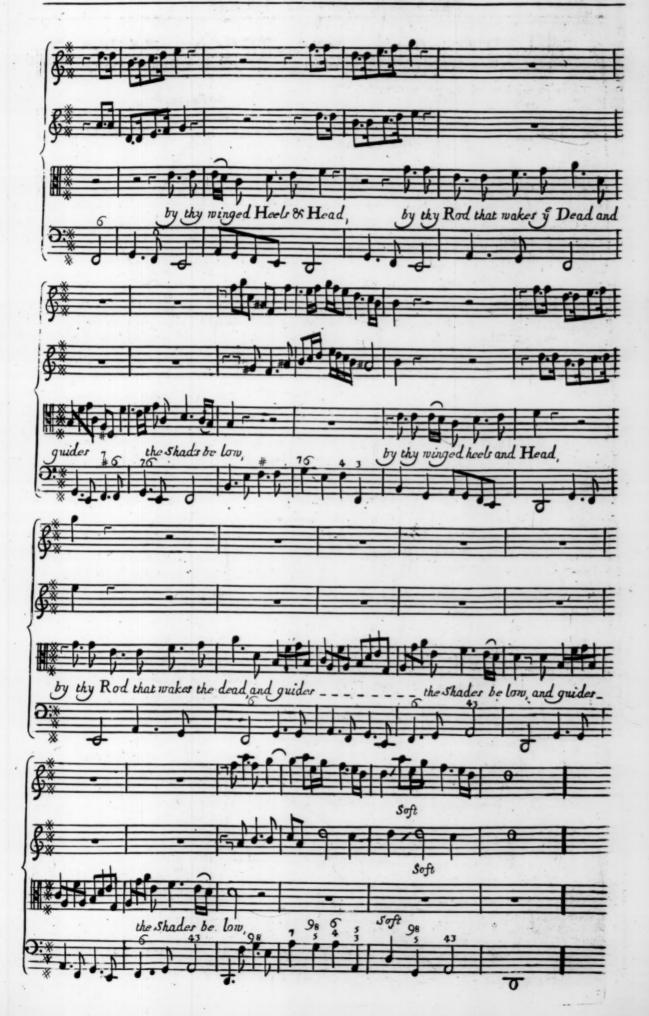










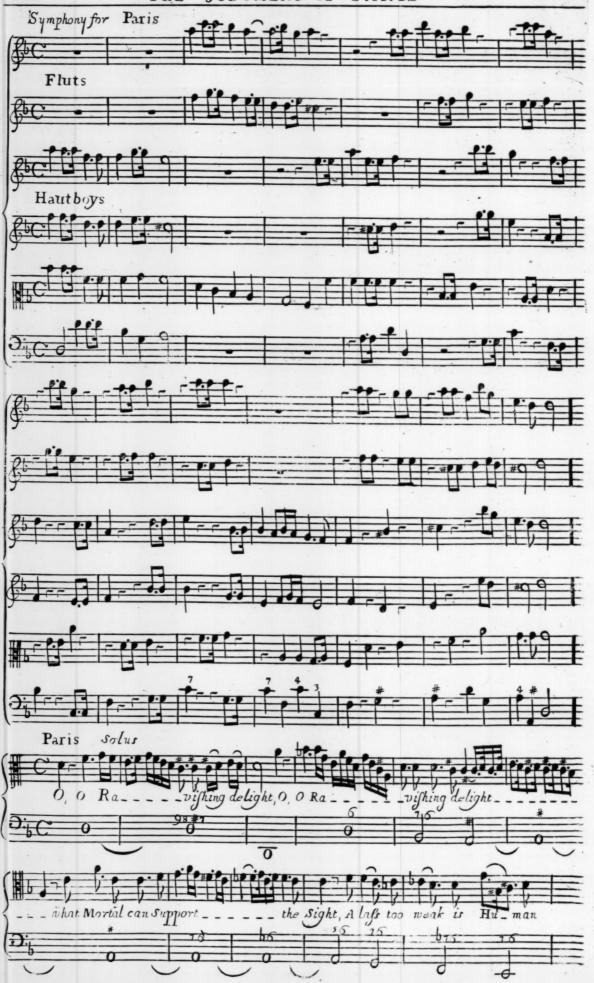




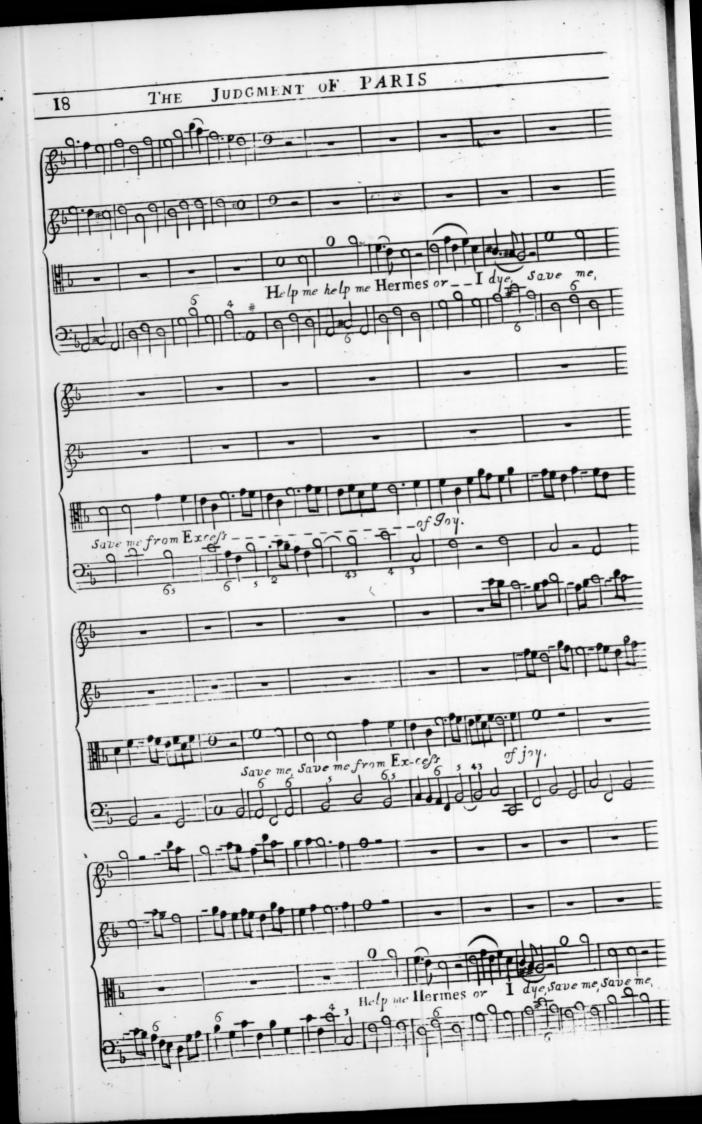














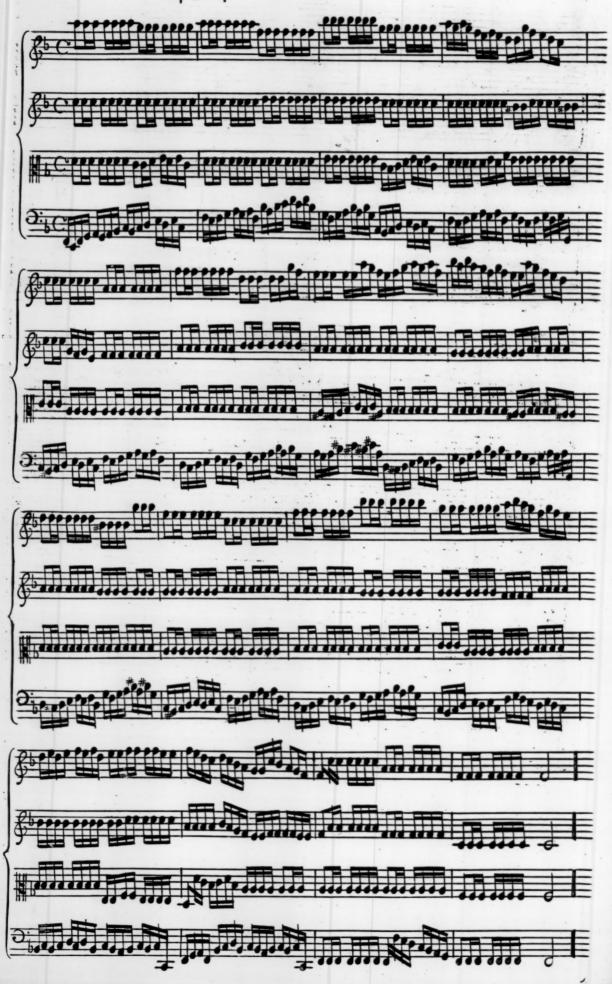
















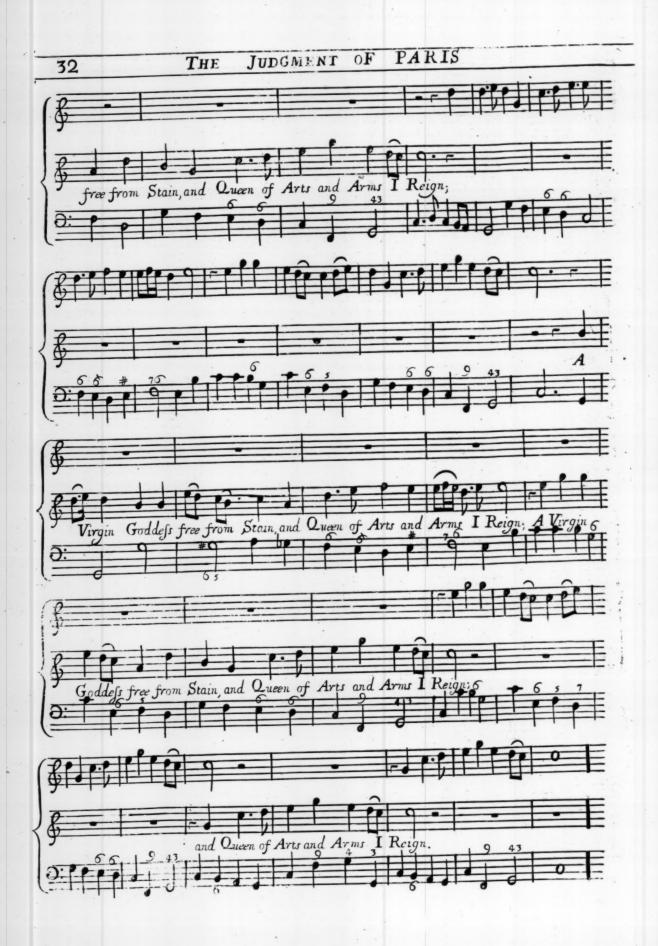








THE TENCHESE OF PARIS

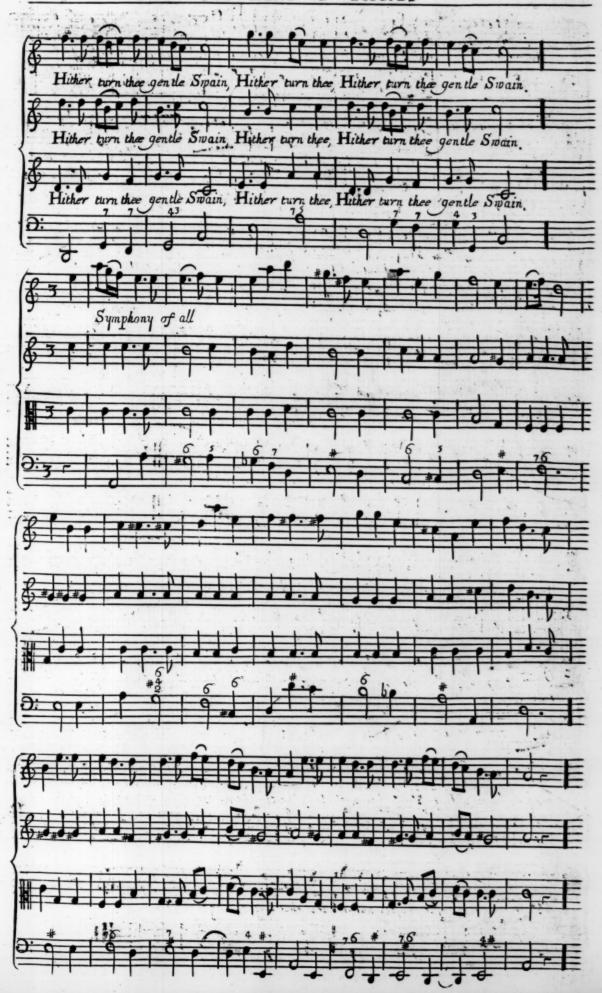








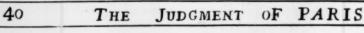




tis, tis not, tis, tis not, a Face that must carry the

Prize.

Let ambition fire thy mind, thou wert born o're Men to Reign not to follow Flocks design d,











## CHORUS



